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The American Monthly Magazine for January.

THE PARTING.

By the sea they parted,
Was, fearful, mournful hearted,
In whispering low, hid their lingering
last.

Shadows had locked together, that ne'er again might
be parted.

Darkly smiling, so hush'd their breasts
with care;

And in their hearts, for a fond love was
there!

Love, wedded love had bound them
And shed its joys around them.

Planned the setting sun on those two brows of
sorrow,

And for most part before he rose to morrow,
Brightly dimly faded, and turns to night's dark hue,
And those smiling lips refuse to breathe adieu.

Fond hearts with anguish beating,
Is this your last meeting?

Wining moon, that oft in nights more soft, more
lovely,

Looked them to joy, with her full beaming sphere—
And her sickly light upon the hapless lovers,
Smiling eyes and wringing hands her ray dis-
cuss;

And once more entwined, and bosoms fondly
press'd;

Is this happier hours than had ye sunk to rest!
And once more—'tis vain—hence, hence
they fly!

Is the far east slow breaks the coming day,
Ah! who the grief can tell
Of that dread word—farewell!

Upon the wave! moon glitters cold and fair
And slowly waste—but one alone is there!
Even still whispering, low repeat the parting
word;

Along the beach—alone—alone—alone—
In the gloomy depth she strains her tear-dimmed
eye;

And his parting sail, a speck against the sky,
Once more, cease thy sorrow, thy vain regrets give
o'er.

By the dark sea they parted,
Sad, sighing, broken hearted.

The Village Preacher.

BY C. MINER, ESQ.

"Father, forgive them."

"Go, proud infidel—search the ponder-
ous of heathen learning; explore the
mysteries and the writings of Socrates—
all the excellencies of the ancient and
moderns, and point to a sentence
in this simple prayer of our Savior—
and insulted—suffering the grossest
insult, crowned with thorns and led
to die, no annihilating curse breaks
his breast. Sweet and placid as the
face of a mother for her nursing, as
a prayer of mercy on his enemies—
forgive them." O, it was worthy
of a saint, and stamped with the bright
truth that his mission was from Heav-

enances, have you ever quarrelled?
Have you differed? If he who is
perfect forgives his bitterest enemies,
well to cherish your anger! Broth-
er, the precept is imperative; you shall
not seven times, but seventy times

and wives, you have no right
to perfection in each other. To err
is of humanity. Illness will some-
times you petulant, and disappointment
the smoothest temper. Guard, I be-
lieve, with unremitting vigilance, your
controlled, they are the genial heat
of us along the way of life—ungov-
erned are consuming fires. Let your
conduct. Cultivate with care, the
affections of the heart. Plant
the thorn that grows in
the path. Above all, let no feel-
ing ever go down under your anger.
It is an obliging action—if it be in
the concern, has a power superior to
that of David, in calming the billows of

as incompatible with happiness
to religion. Let him whose heart
with malice, and studios of revenge,
though the fields when clad with ver-
dure adorned with flowers; to his eyes
beauty; the flowers to him exhale
poison. Dark as his soul, nature is
deeply sable. The smile of beauty
saps his bosom with joy; but the
bell rage in his breast and render
repulsive as he would wish the object

him lay his hand upon his breast
"Revenge, I cast thee from me—
give me as I forgive mine enemies"
He assumes a new and delightful
Then, indeed, are the meads
the flowers fragrant—then is the
garden delightful to his ear, and
of virtuous beauty lovely to his

LOUISA SIMONS:
Or the Advantages of Application.

BY MRS. G. GILMAN.

Louisa Simons was a bright, intelligent
girl of fourteen; amiable and ambitious;
the joy of her parents, and the pride of her
teachers; and far advanced in all her stud-
ies except arithmetic.

"Oh, mother!" she exclaimed frequently,
"this is the day for the black-board; a black
day to me! I hate arithmetic! I wish the
multiplication table had never been inven-
ted! There is not such an expressive verse
in the world as the old one:

"Multiplication is vexation;
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me;
And Practice drives me mad."

Mrs. Simons sometimes reproved her for
her vehemence; sometimes soothed, and
sometimes encouraged her; but finding her
more and more excited, she addressed her
one day, gravely and anxiously—

"My daughter, you make me unhappy by
these expressions. I am aware that many
minds are so constituted as to learn numbers
slowly; but that close attention and perse-
verance can conquer even natural defects,
has been often proved. If you pass over a
rule carelessly, and say you comprehend it
from want of energy to grasp it, you will
never learn, and your black days, when you
become a woman, and have responsibilities,
will increase. I speak feelingly on this
subject, for I had the same natural aversion
to arithmetic as yourself. Unfortunately for
me, a schoolmate, quick at figures, shared
my desk; we had no black-boards then, and
she was kind, or unkind enough to work
out my sums for me. The consequence is,
that I have suffered repeatedly in my purse
and in my feelings from my ignorance.

Even now I am obliged to apply to your
father in the most trifling calculations, and
you must have sometimes noticed my mori-
fication under such circumstances."

"I look to you for assistance," continued
she, affectionately to Louisa. "You have
every advantage; your mind is active, and
in other respects disciplined, and I am sure
your good heart will prompt you in aiding
me."

Louisa's eyes looked a good resolution;
she kissed her mother, and commenced her
lessons with the right feelings. Instead of
being angry with her teacher and herself,
because every thing was not plain, she tried
to clear her brow, and attended to the sub-
ject calmly.

Success crowned her efforts, while, added
to the pleasure of acquisition, she began to
experience the higher joy of self conquest,
and her mother's approbation. She gave
herself up for two years to diligent study,
and conquered at length the higher branch-
es of arithmetic.

Louisa, the eldest of the three children,
had been born to the luxuries of wealth, and
scarcely an ungratified want had shaded her
sunny brow. Mr. Simons was a merchant
of respectable connexions, but, in the height
of his prosperity, one of those failures took
place which occur in commerce, and his af-
fairs became suddenly involved in the shock
which is often felt so far in the mercantile
chain. A nervous temperament and delicate
system were soon sadly wrought upon by
the misfortune, and his mind, perplexed and
harrassed, seemed to lose its clearness in
calculation, and his happy view of life.

Louisa was at this period seventeen years of
age; her understanding clear and vigorous,
her passions disciplined, and her faculties
resting, like a young fawn, for a sudden
bound.

It was a cold autumn evening; the chil-
dren were beguiling themselves with wild
gambols about the parlor; Mr. Simons sat
leaning his head upon his hand, gazing on
an accumulated pile of ledgers and papers;
Mrs. Simons was busily sewing, and Louisa,
with her finger between the leaves of a closed
book, sat anxiously regarding her father.

"Those children distract me," said Mr.
Simons, peevishly.

"Hush, Robert! Come here, Margaret!"
said Mrs. Simons, gently; and taking one on
her lap, and another by her side, whispered
a little story, and put them to bed.

When Mrs. Simons left the room, Louisa
laid aside her books, and stood by her fa-
ther.

"Don't disturb me, child," said he, rough-
ly. Then recollecting himself, he waved
his hand gently for her to retire, and con-
tinued, "Do not feel hurt, dear, with my ab-
ruptness. I am perplexed with these com-
plicated accounts."

"Father," said Louisa, hesitatingly, and
blushing, "I think I could assist you, if you
would permit me."

"You, my love!" exclaimed he, laugh-
ing; "these papers would puzzle a deeper
head than yours."

"I do not wish to boast, dear father," said
Louisa, modestly; "but when Mr. Randon
gave me my last lesson, he said—

"What did he say?" asked Mr. Simons,
encouragingly.

"He said," answered Louisa, blushing
more deeply, "that I was a better accountant
than most merchants. And I do believe, fa-
ther," continued she, earnestly, "that if you
would allow me, I could assist you."

Mr. Simons smiled sadly; but to encour-
age her desire of usefulness, opened his ac-
counts. Insensibly he found his daughter
following him in the labyrinth of numbers.

Louisa, with a fixed look, and clear eye,
her cheek kindling with interest, and her
pencil in her hand, listened to him. Mrs.
Simons entered on tiptoe, and seated herself
softly at her sewing. The accounts be-
came more and more complicated. Mr. Si-
mons, with his practised habits, and Louisa,
with her quick intellect and ready will, fol-
lowed them up with fidelity. The unexpected
sympathy of his daughter gave him new
life. Time flew unheeded, and the clock
struck twelve.

"Wife," said he, suddenly, "matters are
not so desperate as I feared; if this girl
gives me a few more hours like these, I
shall be in a new world."

"My beloved child!" said Mrs. Simons,
pressing Louisa's fresh cheek to hers.

Louisa retired, recommended herself to
God, and slept profoundly. The next morn-
ing, after again seeking His blessing, she
repaired to her father; and again, day after
day, with uniring patience, went through
the details of his books, copied the accounts
in a fair hand, nor left him until his brow
was smoothed, and the phantom of bank-
ruptcy had disappeared.

A day passed by, and Louisa looked con-
templative and absorbed; at length she said,
"Father, you complain that you cannot
afford another clerk at present. You have
tried me, and find me worth something: I
will keep your books until your affairs are
regulated, and you may give me a little salary
to furnish shells for my cabinet."

Mr. Simons accepted her offer with a ca-
ress and a smile. Louisa's cabinet increas-
ed in value; and the beautiful female hand-
writing in her father's books was a subject
of interest and curiosity to his mercantile
friends.

And from whence, as year after year
wealth poured in its thousand luxuries, and
Louisa Simons stood dispensing pleasures to
the gay, and comforts to the poor, did she
trace her happiness? To early self-con-
quest.—The Violet.

From the Franklin Journal.

The Drunkard's Will.

I, Common Inebriety, in the common-
wealth of Christendom, beginning to be im-
paired in health and intellect, do this day
make, publish and declare, this to be my last
Will and Testament in a manner and form
following—

First—I give, and bequeath, that part of
my intellect which is the power of self-gov-
ernment, to unrestrained habit,—my reason-
ing powers, to Polly and Madness,—and the
rest of my intellectual faculties to Intoxica-
tion,—my time, I give to the grog shops,—
my industry to Indolence: my Usefulness,
to be a Nuisance, and a Pest to Society—
and my Health to Disease—and I also give
one half of my property to the Retailers of
Ardent Spirits, and the other half to the loose
end of Neglected Affairs. To my children
and those of the rising generation to whom
I owe, I give my example. To my beloved
Wife, and companion for life, I give Shame,
Disgrace, Disappointment, Sorrow, and a
Broken Heart;—and last of all, I give my
Soul to God who gave it;—and in opposition
to the advice of friends and for want of resolu-
tion, I do this day cause and suffer the seal
of Inebriety to be affixed to this my last Will
and Testament.

INEBRIETY.

Nov. 24, 1836.

In the street of a certain village, the other
evening, we saw one to whom about every
word of the above, exactly applies. He was
staggering home to his wife and children.—
A little further on, we saw where those who
are perfectly acquainted with his habits, and
know that he has a wife and children, yet,
for the sake of a few paltry cents, furnish
him the means of destroying himself, now
and forever, and of making his family wretch-
ed. It is their vocation, they say. "I keep
rum to sell, and any body that will pay for
it, may have it." You cannot expect any
better logic of a rum-seller now-a-days. He
that, after the disclosures which have been
made, will continue to sell ardent spirit as a
drink, is too far gone in the hard-heartedness
of money-getting to be reached by such argu-
ments and appeals as would affect other men.
Nevertheless, we commend the following to
whom it may concern in the village above
alluded to.—*VI. Chronicle.*

A certain drunkard, upon whom intoxica-
tion commonly operates by inflaming him
with passion and rage, not long since sharp-
ened his butcher's knife in a fit of drunken-
ness, and went to the bedside of his wife, who

was confined by sickness so as to be unable
to rise, and frantically brandishing the knife
over her head, threatened to cut her throat.
He then spent some time in telling her of the
importance of preparation for death, and of
the necessity of her making immediate prepa-
ration, as he was determined to kill her.—
His conversation was interlarded with hor-
rible oaths and blasphemies, and accompa-
nied with violent gestures, sometimes as if
to plunge the knife in her heart, and some-
times as if to sever her neck. After she had
thus remained for some time in an agony of
terror, expecting death every moment, a little
child succeeded in calling in some neighbors
before his purpose was executed.

Soon afterwards, his little daughter, ex-
hausted, he ordered one of his little daughters
to go to a retailer's store not far distant, where
he was accustomed to resort, and get it filled
with rum. She dared not disobey. As soon
as the mother could get an opportunity, she
sent another little daughter to the retailer,
with a message from her. The last arrived
breathless at the store, just as the first asked
for rum. "Mr. ——" said she, "mother
says don't let father have any rum, for she is
afraid he will kill her." The merchant knew
his disposition, and paused—we cannot say
what were his reflections—but he soon re-
solved. "I keep rum to sell," said he, "and
any body that will pay for it may have it."
He filled the bottle and sent it to the drunk-
ard.

From the Cultivator.

Winter Stall Feeding.

Is the only profitable mode, in this climate,
of fattening cattle for the shambles in the
winter. Were they suffered to roam in the
yard and field, exposed to the wet and cold,
it is very evident they would take on flesh
but slowly, and but illy compensate the own-
er for the expense of high keeping. A cer-
tain quantity of food is required to prevent
their growing lean; all beyond this it is the
design of the feeder to have manufactured in-
to meat and tallow; or as Bakewell was
wont to say, converted into money. It is all
important on the score of profit, that this
process of converting herbage and other animal
food into money, should be managed as ex-
pediently as well judged economy will
permit.

As to the relative advantages, in the econ-
omy of feed, of having fattening cattle tied up,
we have the declaration of Mr. Elliman, well
known as a distinguished herdsman, "that
nine oxen fed loose in a yard, have, by eating
as well as destroying, consumed as much as
twelve when tied up." Although much may
be said in favor of keeping cows and store
cattle in covered sheds, instead of close sta-
bles, there is no doubt but fattening beasts
thrive best when constantly confined in a
warm stable, when proper attention to clean-
liness is observed. We abstract the follow-
ing rules regarding the management of stall
feeding cattle, from the 12th No. of British
Husbandry:

"The first point is the comfort of accom-
modation, for in whatever way they may be
placed,—whether under sheds or in close ox-
houses, they should have the security of per-
fect shelter from the weather, with a certain
degree of warmth; that is to say,—if in open
trammels, the sheds should be broad, the roof
low, and the floor covered with an abundance
of dry litter. There can be no doubt that the
animals enjoy the comfort of a dry bed as
well as their master, and the more they seek
repose in it the better.

The next is strict regularity to the admin-
istration of food—both as regards the stated
quantity and the time of supplying it. The
periods may be regulated as the feeder thinks
proper, but whenever adopted should never
be afterwards altered. The ox is a quiet ani-
mal, and those which are fed in the house
soon acquire a precise knowledge of the ex-
act hour at which it is usually given; if that
be transgressed, or the customary quantity be
not furnished, they become restless; but if
the time and quantity be strictly adhered to,
they remain tranquil until the next period
arrives. Nothing will be found more to for-
ward the process of fattening than this perfect
quietude.

Some persons serve it out as often as five
times in a day; but the most prudent, and we
think the better practice, is to give it as soon
as possible after daylight, at noon, and some-
times before sunset; which enables the ani-
mals to fill their bellies, and to have time
sufficient for that quiet digestion which is in-
terrupted by too frequent feeding. In stating
that the quantity should be moderate, we how-
ever allude merely to the not allowing the
animal to have so much as will cloy him;
he ought to have as much as he can fairly
eat with a relish, but the moment he begins
to toss it about, it will then be evident that
the kindness of his appetite is satisfied, and
it should be instantly removed.

The last is thorough cleanliness. The
ox-house should be opened before day light,
and well cleaned both by pail and broom,

from every impurity. Water should then be
given without limitation."

As to the food, we will add, that fattening
animals should have, in winter, grain, or roots,
or oil cake. Beef cannot probably be made
on hay alone. In Great Britain, where
they boast of their beef, turnips are generally
employed; in the United States, the coarse
grains are mostly used. As our turnip cul-
ture progresses, and progress we are con-
fident it will, we shall be able to make cheap-
er, if not better beef.

One Year.

We may, in one year, do much good or
harm, and thereby very much promote or
impede our perfection and happiness. How
surprisingly great, how far above the reach
of numbers, is the sum total of thoughts
and ideas that arise in the mind in the
course of one single year! Divide the year
into days, the days into hours, the hours in-
to minutes and seconds; and when you have
reckoned up the results together, still it will
not nearly amount to the sum of your
thoughts! We all think incessantly, whether
we wake or sleep, labor or rest; our
thoughts succeed each other with a velocity
that is scarcely to be conceived, and but sel-
dom are they totally indifferent. How
much good or harm then must not a man
think in one year! And how much often
depends on one single thought. How much
then must depend on the thousands, the
hundred thousands, the millions of thoughts
that arise in us in a whole year!

Go now from thoughts to the words we
utter in the course of the year. How great
too is their amount! How much good or
evil may we not speak in one year, and how
may we not thus benefit or injure our-
selves and others! How salutary, how
precious is not frequently but one good word
spoken in season! What disorder, what
mischief on the contrary, may not a bad
word produce, which we are prompted to ut-
ter by envy, or hatred, or malice, or impru-
dence, or weakness! To what a vast sum
then must not the total of all the speeches
amount which proceed from one mouth in a
year!

Consider how much good or bad actions
we may perform in one year! Their num-
ber is likewise very great, though it should
not quite equal the number of our thoughts
and words. Does there ever elapse one day
in the year whereon we do nothing either
good or bad? Nay do many hours of the
day pass by, wherein what we do is abso-
lutely indifferent, and may not turn out either
good or bad? Are we not daily either dili-
gent or negligent, conscientious or uncon-
scientious, in the transactions of our busi-
ness? Enjoy we not daily the bounties of
God either with cheerful gratitude or with
stupid insensibility and indifference, either
in rational moderation or in extravagance
and intemperance? May we not daily ei-
ther exercise ourselves in meekness, in hu-
mility, in forbearance or kindness; or suffer
ourselves to be thrown into rage, or seduced
into pride, into a froward and haughty be-
haviour, or to be otherwise offensive to our
neighbor? May we not daily give proofs
of contentedness in our station, of submis-
sion to the will of God, of trust in his pro-
vidence, of confidence in his help, or testi-
monies of the reverse? Is any day likely
to pass but we are tempted in one way or
other to ill, or allured and incited to good,
and so our propensity weakened to the one,
or our love to the other more confirmed?

Is it likely that a day should pass without
affording us some opportunity of being ser-
viceable either to our family, to our friends,
or to other men, by our advice, by our aims,
by our credit, by our example, by other good
offices we may do them? To what a sum
then must not our good and bad actions in
one year amount, according as we conduct
ourselves in one way or the other! And
how much must we likewise thus advance
or retard our perfection and happiness! If
no action we perform be entirely without ef-
fect, how innumerable then must not the ben-
eficial or injurious consequences be that pro-
ceed from the actions of a whole year!

And if to these actions you add the thoughts
and the words of the same year, how great
in general must not the sum of the good or
the evil be which will be placed to your ac-
count in such a portion of time, and which
is so closely connected with the sum of the
happiness or misery you have in future
to expect! How important then must one
year be in this point of view! How much
does it not allow to be done of the work that
God has enjoined us here, to perform!

Let all the young members of your family
be regularly washed and combed before
breakfast,—never permit them to treat you
with so much disrespect, as to appear at your
table in a slovenly condition. It should ev-
er be remembered, that the highest respect
which a child can pay, is due to its parents.
This respect may be ensured, by forming
correct habits in youth.

From the Genesee Farmer.

Influence of Canals and Railroads on Agri-
culture.

One of the most striking signs of the times
in which we live, and that which will most
probably leave the deepest impress to after
ages, is the spirit of improvement which is
showing itself in the construction of Canals
and Railroads. These improvements are felt
in every part of our extended country, and
in the impulse they give to every branch of
commerce and industry; but it is with their
influence on agriculture that we as farmers
have to do.—They furnish facilities to travel
—they assist in transportation of merchan-
dise—and they enable the farmer to carry
many things to a profitable market, which
formerly nearly worthless to him; and unless
we are much mistaken, much of the agricul-
tural prosperity we have enjoyed for a few
years past, and the present high prices of real
estate, may be traced to these sources.

Canals and railroads have an influence on
the profits of agriculture during their con-
struction, by withdrawing large numbers
from the culture of the soil and employing
them on such public works. Whatever
may be the employment of men, they must
be fed; and while the number of mouths re-
main the same, any reduction of the class of
producers has a sensible tendency to increase
their profits. They are at the present mo-
ment probably not less than 200,000 persons
employed on such works of improvement,
consuming annually a million and a half bush-
els of wheat, vast quantities of provisions,
potatoes and other vegetables—independent
of the immense demand for the coarser
grains, suitable for horse feed, and for all
which they are of course dependent on the
agriculturalist for a regular supply.

Improved means of communication profit
agriculture materially, by lessening the cost
of articles of prime necessity in farming,
thus enabling him, with little additional la-
bor, to greatly augment his productions. To
illustrate this we may take the Erie Canal
and the single article of plaster. From the
Mohawk to the Niagara the facilities of
transporting the ground article are such,
that in the few districts where it is not found,
it may be purchased at such low rates as
scarcely to form an obstacle to its general
use.

The easy acquisition of plaster has, by
introducing the extensive use of clover in
rotation with wheat, nearly doubled the ca-
pacity of the country for many miles on
each side of it, for the staple commodity of
our State, and millions of bushels are yearly
produced, that but for plaster and clover would
have no existence.

Previous to the construction of the canal
the price of salt furnished a serious drawback
to the prosperity and profits of the farmer in
our western counties. If he devoted his
farm to raising cattle, salt was indispensable
to their growth and health; if the dairy was
his object, there was an additional demand
for salt created, which together sensibly re-
duced the aggregate profit of the farm. Al-
ready have our canals, by furnishing facilities
for the removal and transportation of
mineral manures, such as marl and plaster,
&c., and the greater choice of markets they
have offered, as well as in effect lessening
the distances to such market, benefited the
country beyond what the most sanguine ones
dared to hope.

Real estate has increased in value fifty
millions in consequence of this state of things
thus giving to agriculture a most stable foun-
dation, in a success almost unexampled.—
"During a tour," says the celebrated Chap-
man, "which I made with Napoleon in Bel-
gium, I heard him express to one of the coun-
cil of a department, that he was surprised
at the vast extent of waste land over which
he had just travelled. He was answered thus:

"Give us a canal to transport our manures,
and to convey away our products, and in five
years this sterile country will be covered
with crops."

"The canal was afterwards constructed,
and the promise released in less than the re-
quired time."

Canals and railroads operate to the benefit
of the farmer by building up cities and vil-
lages all over the country, in which mechan-
ics, merchants and professional men congre-
gate for the advantage of their respective
callings, and where as a matter of course
manufacturers usually establish themselves.
Here those products of the field and the gar-
den, the tribe of culinary vegetable and the
produce of the fruit orchard, which formerly
were nearly worthless, are now disposed of
at a decent profit, on exchange beneficial to
both, but which operates decidedly in increas-
ing the sum total of the agriculturist's gain.
The least observation on this point will show,
that the influence of these improvements is
here practicable and beneficially exerted.

Frown.—The current coin with which a
dandy pays his tailor's bill.